MRS. NATALIE MAYER SHOT.

DEATH OF A DAUGHTER OF THE LATE THEODORE A. HAVENEYER. Tragedy on the Big Farm at Mahwah-Uncor-

tainty as to the Circumstances and as to How the Shot Was Fired-How Dr. Za-briskie Found His Patient When He Arrived - Death Similar to That of Her Brother. MAHWAH, N. J., July 15 -- Mrs. John Mayer, a daughter of the late Theodore A. Havemeyer, died on Saturday afternoon at her home here of a bullet wound received at about 4 o'clock on Friday afternoon. How that wound was inflicted and by whom is known only to members of the Mayer and Havemeyer households. They are not as yet ready to make public any details of the way in which Mrs. Mayer was killed. This statement was given

to the newspapers this afternoon by a member Mrs. Mayer died from the effects of a pistol shot accidentally fired. The wound was not at first believed to be fatal. There will be a Coroner's inquest in accordance with the law." Until late this morning, it was understood

that Mrs. Mayer had died of blood poisoning resulting from the illness which she had suf-fered since the birth of her last child, Gluseppe, in Rome about six months ago. The Mayers returned from Europe about a month ago and it was said she had been quite ill since then. She was not well enough, it was explained, to go to the wedding of Henry O Havemeyer, Jr., at Newport last week. Mr. Mayer went to the

Mrs. Mayer was attended by three physicians between the time she received the wound and her death. They were Dr. Albert Zabriskie of Mahwah, who has been consulted by members of the family ever since they have lived here; Dr. Clement Cleveland of New York, who has been visiting Mahwah every day for some time to give his attention to a member of the Have-meyer family, and Dr. T. M. Markoe of New York, the surgeon who was summoned by Dr. Cleveland and Dr. Zabriskie as soon as they discovered the dangerous character of Mrs. Mayer's wound. Dr. Zabriskie said yesterday:

All I know about the matter is that I was called from my home to the Shady Side farm on Friday afternoon at about half after 4 o'clock by the Mayer coachman, who said that I was wanted at the house at once. When we reached the house Mrs. Winslow took me one side and gave me a little clue of what was wanted. I was taken at once to the sleeping room of Mrs. Mayer. She was lying on the floor on her side-on her right side. There was a wound on her left side just under her heart. She was in very great pain. She seemed to be suffering so much that she did not know what was going on around her. I do not know whether she had lain on the floor of that room from the time when she received the wound, but I believe that the reason she had not been lifted

Ibelieve that the reason she had not been lifted to the bed was that they were afraid to move her because they thought it might complicate the wound. So I presume that she lay just where she fell after receiving the wound.

"All that I felt warranted in doing at first was to relieve her suffering somewhat by administering chloroform. When I did so she seemed to be much relieved and begged for more, saying that it helped her a great deal. After a time I was joined by Dr. Cleveland. He agreed with me that the case was rather beyond us. I am a physician and not much of a surgeon, though I am well enough when some of the boys get their legs crushed over here on the railroad, but I don't know anything about gunshot wounds, not having any experience with them. They sent for Dr. Markoe to come irom New York. He arrived at about midnight Friday and after observing the wound said that he thought that it was best to do nothing. It became apparent that the bullet, which had gone clear through Mrs. Mayer's tack, had penetrated the intestnes, and there was little or no chance for her recovery.

tines, and there was little or no chance for her recovery.

'On the following afternoon, while Dr. Cleveland, Dr. Markoe and myself were in consultation in the house, a nurse came into the room crying: 'Doctors, she is dying.' We hurried to the room where she was lying. We found the priest there giving her extreme unction. We retired. In a few moments the priest came out and told us that she was dead. The priest was Father Meredith of Suffern, N. Y.

'I have just notified Dr. Vroom of Ridgewood, who is the representative of the County Physician, that the circumstances of Mrs. Mayer's death were such that he should make an investigation, as the law requires. He will be here late to-night of to-morrow morning. So far as I know Mrs. Mayer had not been ill recenty: I think I would have known if she had been because I have been the family physician for a good many years. Mrs. Mayer was a woman of the harpiest disposition. She was always happy. There was almost always a

aways happy. There saldment always aways happy. There saldment always happy to coulsh smile on her face. Ido not know how she was shot or when, exactly. I have heard nothing that would give me any idea of those facts. They were none of my business. I was there as a physician."

After making this statement Dr. Zabriskie, who is quite oid and who has a long gray beard, got into a Havemeyer carriage that was waiting for him and went back to Shady Side.

Lieutenant-Commander Winslow, a brother-ing for him and went back to Shady Side.

Lieutenant-Commander Winslow, a brother-ing for him and went back to Shady Side.

Lieutenant-Commander Winslow, a brother-ing was accounted to the cause of her death. When he found that persons outside of the family knew that she had been shot he was somewhat disturbed. In reply to questions he said that there was absolutely no reason to believe that Mrs. Mayer's death was not the result of an accident. Mayer's death was not the result of an accident. Mayer's death was not the result of an accident. Mayer's death was not the result of an accident. Mayer's death was not the result of an accident. Mayer's death was not the result of an accident. Mayer's death was not the result of an accident. Mayer's death was not the result of an accident. Mayer's death was not the result of an accident winslow was authority for the statement that the reson that Mr. Mayer had not been well enough to accompany him.

Mr. Mayer was summoned from Newport at once upon the discovery of Mrs. Mayer in her room Friday afternoon. He reached the house of death of the summan and the summan accident was a content of the summan and the summan accident was a content of the summan and the summan accident was a content of the summan accident was a summoned from Newport at once provide was a summoned from Newport at once provide was a summoned from Newport at once provide w

and friends of the folks in Mahwah, and Mrs. Havemever has carried on his charities and evidences of thoughtfulness. In the execution of many of these plays Mr. Mayer and his wife had a prominent part. The poorest as well as the most prospercus of the people show a strong personal feeling with regard to the tragic end of Mrs. Mayer.

Mrs. Mayer leaves four children; Emily, 14 years old; Jack, 12; Roland, 6, and Giuseppe, the baby. She was still reckoned a young woman.

years old; Jack, 12; Roland, a and Giuseppe, the baby. She was still reckoned a young woman.

Charles F. Havemeyer, a brother of Mrs. Mayer, died under strikingly similar circumstances at his home in Roslyn. L. I., on May 9, 1898. He had gone to his room to dress for a dinner at which a number of members of the Meadow Brook Hunt Club were to be entertained. As his little boy was making his way to his father's room to say his prayers, a pistol shot was heard. Mrs. Havemeyer ran to her husband's room and found him sitting in a chair in front of his dressing table dying. A revolver, which he always kept on his dressing table, was lying on the floor beside the chair. One carridge had been exploded. There was an investigation by the Coroner, and a jury found that Mr. Havemeyer "came to his death by the discharge of a pistol in his own hands, and there was no evidence to show that it was not accidental." It was announced by the Coroner that the peculiar phraseology of the verdict of the jury was adopted at the request of the family, who had been much disturbed by wild statements—made in some of the newspapers immediately after Mr. Havemeyer's death. Mrs. Havemeyer, who was Miss Camilla Moss, was married in November, 1899, to Mr. Frederick O. Beach.

DR. MACARTHUR AT KANSAS CITY. Bryanites Deceived About the Expansion Sen

The Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, returned on Saturday from a lecturing tour of the summer schools and Chautauqua assemblies of Kansas, Missouri and Iowa. He addressed large audiences and was greatly impressed with the prosperity he found everywhere, with the intelligence of the farming population, and with the almost universal sentiment against the anti-expansion plank of the Democratic platform. Incidentally, he was present at the Kansas City Convention which nominated Bryan, and had some in-teresting things to say of his experience at the convention.

"Everywhere in the West," he said to a porter, "and especially in Kansas, I heard the story of prosperity. Business is flourishing. Employment is general and prosperity is the abundant that it is difficult to secure laborers to harvest them. Never have I found farmers more intelligent and hopeful. Accompanied by friends I visited several farmhouses. It was most interesting to hear the wives and daughters speak of their bright prospects, and it was especially interesting to hear men and women say that while they knew better than to suppose that Mr. McKinley was responsible for the good harvest, yet it had so happened that they could not help associating his administration with their present prosperity. One woman expressed the sentiment of a whole section when she said: 'McKinley did not give us the harvest, but when we got him we got the harvest and I am willing to keep him as long as we can keep

the harvest. "Of my own knowledge I know that expan sion is popular. I was not prepared for the en-thusiasm I found on the subject. I spoke on expansion in Kansas, Missouri and Iowa. I do not suppose that everybody in every audience agreed with my statements, but I am not exaggerating when I say that the applause I received was as generous as the same sentiment ever received in New York city. The fact is that there is more expansion sentiment in so me parts of the West and Southwest than there is in the East. Expansion has been the characteristic policy of the United States since the founding of the Government. The objections made By Josiah Quincy and others of his time have excited the laughter of every audience which I ddressed on that subject, and when I added hat the objections of to-day would excite equal laughter in a few years the audiences showed their approval with generous applause.

Reverting again to Kansas. Dr. MacArthur

said:
"I shall be very much surprised if the former political verdict. In that State is not reversed in the approaching election."

Dr. MacArthur was the guest at the convention of some local delegates and he expressed himself as much surprised at the machine and evidently prearranged methods of applause. What impressed him most, he said, after the evidence of Mr. Bryan's "imperial" control, was the dominance of the Southern men. He said: "Another characteristic of the convention evidence of Mr. Bryan's "imperial" control, was the dominance of the Southern men. He said: "Another characteristic of the convention which surprised and interested me was the wail of woe of which every speech chiefly consisted. Attendance for a few hours was depressing in the extreme. According to the burden of the speeches there is but little hope of perpetuating the Republic. Indeed, there is no hope of doing so except the Democratic party be intrusted with the management of the country's affairs. Judging by the speeches an uninformed listener might have supposed that Spain had been victorious in the recent war and a great section of our country had been captured by the enemy. It seemed to me that the convention and the platform overreached themselves in the encouragement given directly and indirectly to the Filipinos and to the Boers.

"Another characteristic of the convention was the curiosity to see Mr. Croker and the Tammany delegation. I sat just in front of one man who, hearing that I was from New York, inquired if Mr. Tammany was himself with the New York delegates. He said he had longed to see Mr. Tammany and once had almost made up his mind to go to New York for that purpose."

Another thing that interested Dr. MacArthur was the absence of the old Democrats whose names are household words in American homes. "The men who have made the history of the Democratic party," he said, "were largely absent from the convention. New men took the front seats and it was evident that this was not the old Democratic party. I heard many say, that the old party no longer exist as a party. The convention was largely a party of Populists. It was a meeting place of many political isms. We have, however, one thing to be grateful for, and that is that the candidates for the highest offices in the country are both men of high personal character and unusual ability."

Dr. MacArthur said that at one time in the convention it looked to him as if Mr. Hill would be nominated for the Presidency, and that it was at that time that

CABMAN AND PRIEST.

West Thirtieth street station at midnight last night and Policeman Behr and a man dressed in the garb of a priest got out of the cab. All three entered the station. Cook told Sergt. Carson that he had been engaged by the priest to drive him around, and that he had done so for two hours and a haif. Then the priest had offered him \$1 in payment, but as he was entitled to \$2.50 he had called a policeman and had driven to the station.

and Broadway yesterday afternoon. In the opening prayer the missionaries in China were mentioned. Three letters were read asking for prayers. One woman wanted prayers offered up for her erring son. Another asked that her husband, her three children and herself be all prayed for. The Rev. James Hoadley spoke of the good work that the meetings were doing, and the Rev. John F. Carson of the Central Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn spoke on "Salvation."

The Rev. Thomas J. Ducey, pastor of St. Leo's Roman Catholic Church in East Twenty-

CRANK AFTER MISS CLEWS. ANNOYED THE BANKER'S DAUGETER

WITH LETTERS.

ective, a Friend of the Clews Family and the Letter Writer Himself Under Brief Arrest in Newark-A "Personal" Said to Be Back of the Incident, Detective Dougherty of R. A. Pinkerton's etective agency was taken last Wednesday night to the First precinct police station in Newark together with a stylishly dressed young man who is said to be a friend of Henry Clews's family and a young man living in Newark, ceman arrested them for having an altercation in the street. Chief of Police Hopper was sent for after Dougherty had given his card to Sergt. Vogel, and what ensued was kept secret until it leaked out yesterday that Behm had written a number of letters to Miss Clews proposing meetings with a view to matrimony. All of the letters were signed with his

Behm was not at his home when the detective and the friend of the Clews family called, but they found him in a saloon. He admitted writing the letters and said that he did so in response to an invitation which was written in a woman's hand as follows: "Write fully to Miss Clews, 9 East Thirty-fourth street, New York." This, he said, was in answer to an advertisement which he put in a New York newspaper, soliciting the acquaintance of a wealthy woman. The detective asked to see the letter and pooketed it, saying that he would take care of it. Behm seemed willing to let him have it until a friend asked him what protection he would have if he was prosecuted. Then he wanted his letter back and followed the detective to the corner making such a row that Policeman McGrath took the whole party to the First Precinct station. Dougherty gave the letter to Chief Hopper, who still has it. He and everybody about the station promised secrecy about the case and kept their promises. Chief Hopper received a letter afterward from Robert A. Pinkerton requesting him to withhold all information about the case. It was impossible to get any information from him on Saturday night, owing to his pledge of secrecy, but Behm had no such scruples. He talked freely about his adventure with Dougherty and told about the letters.

Behm is about 24 years old and is a solicitor and collector. He declares that his character and reputation are good and that he is a men ber of the choir in St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church in Clinton avenue and is otherwise interested in church work. He

"My personal was published on June 26. It read:

"Young man, 24, desires acquaintance wealthy refined lady: object, matrimony. "The next day I received the letter inviting me to write to Miss Clews. I had no reason to believe it was other than genuine. I found, however, that the Clews family lived in West instead of East Thirty-fourth street. I went there and met Banker Clews. His daughter was out. I would not tell him my name or business, but said I would write. I did so, and receiving no reply, went to the house again, learning that Miss Clews had gone to Newport and that her mail had been forwarded only the

day before. "I wrote several more letters, in which I decribed myself and told her that I was anxious to meet her and that I would be true to one woman and expected her to be true to me. As I got no answer, I wrote that I would call on her at Newport. I was arranging to do so when the detective came here and I had him arrested for taking the letter from me.

"There was nothing wrong in the letters I sent. I did not send the one which the detective showed me and which contained a picture of a man and woman kissing each other. Even if I did there was no wrong in it. I wrote going to the rector of my church and others whose names I gave her. I received other answers to my personal, but gave them no attention. Once I published a personal and met an adventuress, but I dropped her quickly. My personals were sincere and meant what they All my money, nearly \$100, is tied up in the Dime Savings Institution. I am not ashamed

mitted to-night that his daughter had been annoyed recently by a crank letter writer.

GOV. ALLEN AT M'KINLEY'S HOME. Porto Rico Affairs Talked Over-Work on the Letter of Acceptance.

Canton, Ohio, July 15.—Whatever may have been the mission which brought Gov. Charles E. Allen of Porto Rico to Canton to see the having reached the city about half an hour before the services. He remained until 10:50

ferences in the library to-day is not known.

Another arrival at the house to-day was
Gen. Russell Hastings of the President's old

Another arrival at the house to-day was Gen. Russell Hastings of the President's old regiment in the Civil War. He now lives in Bermuda and is on his way West. He stopped over merely for a social visit. He is an intimate friend of long standing and never misses an opportunity to visit the family. He was one of the President's invited guests at the inauguration and had the misfortune to break his leg. One of the first things the President did after he reached the White House was to personally visit the hospital to inquire after this old army friend.

The weather was too hot all day for the usual airings, but after dinner the carriage was called out and the President, Gov. Allen, Gen. Hastings and Dr. Rizey took a drive about the city. Besides the guests of the day, Comptroller and Mrs. Dawes joined the family at dinner. Many friends and relatives called during the evening. They found the house too hot for comfort and carried their chairs out to the porch and lawn. The President himself had the outside of the circle, well down the fiag walk. And there the party sat until long after dusk.

Besides the call to-morrow evening of a delegation from the Royal League coming from Cleveland no incidents are announced for the week. It is not improbable that the President may make the first draft of his letter of acceptance or at least do some work on that document which will be the next public step of the President in the campaign. Neither the time nor place for giving out this document has been determined but it is likely to be made public before August is far advanced.

n a secluded portion of the town of Brighton in a secluded portion of the town of Brighto this afternoon. After examining the remains Coroner Rieindienst said that the body haprobably been there for a week. It was badi decomposed. Hanging on another limb was hat, bearing the mark of a local dealer and thi furnishes the only clue of identity. No one habeen reported missing who answers the description. The man was advanced in age an was dressed in poor clothing.

Committed Suicide in His Hotel. prictor of the Hotel Mellerville, committed suicide this morning in his room by shooting himself through the temple. He had been drinking heavily of late. He leaves a widow and seven children.

Locked Up for Plaguing a Cuinaman Nicholas Ageno, aged 12, of 27 Oliver street, was looked up in the Oak street station last night charged with assaulting Yung Gee, a LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The present Presidential campaign will be pictorial to a degree never before attempted. Before election day the voters should have a clear impression of not only the features of the candidates on both tickets but of their characteristic gestures and favorite amuse ments. The various machines which present the so-called moving pictures are to be used by campaign managers of both parties. As the contest waxes sharper these pictures will convey to the rural districts parades in the big cities and such other incidents of the campaign as may be selected for the purpose. Even the campaign buttons are to be more varied and elaborate than ever before. One of the first in the field is a picture so mounted that it becomes noticeable only when illuminated by a small electric light behind it. The wearer of this button flashes out the face of his favorite candidate by turning on the light behind the button. It is pretty sure to attract attention. The large quantity of buttons which are now sold in Presidential campaigns makes the exclusive right to a novel one very valuable to the manufacturer. One dealer in those goods said last week: "We are overrun by cranks who want to explain their ideas for novelties in campaign buttons, and we have to listen to each one. We have obtained many of our suggestions in this way, and the bigger a crank a man is the more lifely that his button idea may be worth money to us. I don't think that any normal man would have foreseen a demand for the motto buttons of several years ago, and yet they were very profitable." the campaign buttons are to be more varied

A well-dressed woman boarded an uptow Broadway car at Twenty-third street about 7 o'clock on Saturday evening, and at Twentyfourth street a man got on the car. The other passengers noticed that he looked steadily at the woman, as if to attract her attention, but she did not notice him. He took a seat beside her and then pushed along until he was crowding her. One man with side-whiskers glared at the newcomer as if he would like to throw him off the car. The woman moved along the seat, and a minute later the man had moved along beside her. He was not forced o do it, because the car was not crowded, and to do it, because the car was not crowded, and it was now evident to all the other passengers that the man was anxious to pick up an acquaintance with the good-looking woman. She had not even glanced at him, but her expression showed that she resented his impudence. Again she moved along the seat to get away from him, and again he pushed along beside her.

beside her.
"There are some men who ride in street cars,"
said the whiskered man to a passenger beside
him, "who/are not fit to walk in a chain gang.
The 'masher' is the lowest human being on

The 'masher' is the lowest human being on earth."

You are dead right, " said the passenger. The woman looked at them gratefully and the impudent man beside her smiled mysteriously. Then he pushed along a little bit closer. The woman lost all patience and turning to him angrily she said:

"How dare you do—why, Fred! When did you get on? Have you been sitting beside me here and pushing me along? Probably you thought it was a joke."

And Fred's manner indicated that he was sure it was a joke. Subsequent conversation indicated that they were husband and wife. The whiskered man said to the passenger beside him that it was a fool trick anyway, and if Fred had not been identified he would have punched his head off for insulting a lady.

No more insignificant-looking monument near New York stands to the memory of a dis-tinguished man than the small marble shaft on North street, New Rochelle, which is surmounted by a bust of Thomas Paine, but the suggestion that it be removed as a part of the street improvement scheme of that city has aroused much antagonism. This shaft stands at one side of the street in a small enclosure, surrounded by four trees. It was erected in 1809 and was later remodelled. Capt. George W. Loyd, the custodian of this monument, threatens to appeal to the admirers of Tom Paine to take measures to prevent this proposed desecration of his monument. The little plot of ground on which this monument stands was originally a part of the farm which Congress presented to Paine for his eminent services to the Republic Paine lived there for a time. The monument would attract no attention from the passer-by unless he happened to know that it was Paine's. It looks as if it marked a deserted grave. Tom Paine's admirers would undoubtedly strongly object to its removal however, and the suggestion has been made that if it is determined to widen the street a double loop should be made around the monument. mounted by a bust of Thomas Paine, but the

Possibly the Prince of Wales devised the new frock coat which has agitated tailors and young men, who would rather be fashionably dressed than be President, because of the many sar-

dressed man could not make it popular.

The usual sensible notices are being sout by the Society for the Prevention of Crue to Animals cautioning the public not to make a dog which has indigestion or which running around looking for its master for mad dog; but the police returns indicate the midsummer shooting of dogs is about to the average. Every time a dog runs wile and even in cases where they are frothing the mouth the chances are largely again their having hydrophobia—the cry of mad dis raised, and the nearest policeman shoots the animal until he kills him. Dozens of deare needlessly killed in this way in New Yo every summer despite the campaign of eccation which the Society for the Preventio of Cruelty to Animals has carried on.

"My doctor advised me to try horseback riding, but I couldn't afford that," said the fat man, "and as he told me that it was the only

concert at the Casino was given to-night, and although there was a large crowd it was not the social success that had been expected.

the social success that had been expected. Many cottagers were present and the grounds were illuminated for the occasion it being a very pleasant affair. Among those who entertained at die ner in the grill rooms during the progress of the concert were Mrs. J. C. Smith, H. Y. Dolan, Franklin A. Plummer, W. O. Blanding, F. Gray Griswold and Capt. Treat, U. S. N.

The leading social event of the day was the cruise of the Newport Kat Bote Klub, which was largely attended. The launches Columbia and Princess were used for the cruise and the members were taken to one of the shore resorts up the bay for dinner. Lord High Steward Herman Celrichs was in charge of the party, which numbered about twenty-five.

Ajax Sits on a Pile of Victims.

Bicycle Policeman Whitman, as has been stated before, was known as "Ajax the Strong Man" before he went into the Police Depart-ment. Yesterday he was riding on his bicycle ment. Yesterday he was riding on his bicycle through Forsyth street when he saw four men fighting. He jumped from his wheel, selzed the four men one at a time, threw them down, piled them up and sat on them, holding them until a small boy summoned a patrol wagon. The men were locked up in the Eldridge street station, where they said they were Isaao Venitzsky of 45 Eldridge street, Abraham Baron of 35 Monroe street, Abraham Cehen of 4 Bayard street and Jacob Periman of 1 Forsyth street. They were locked up on a charge of disorderly conduct.

LEXINGTON, Ky., July 15.-Miss Ione Gilmore and Brook Curry of this city left Lexington with the declared intention of joining a camping party at Park Hill, but instead were mar-ried at Maysville, where relatives of the groom live. Miss Gilmore is a popular young woman and the groom is the owner of a large trotting horse breeding establishment.

IMPALED ON A WAGON POLE

BICYCLIST INSTANTLY RILLED IN PIPTH AVENUE.

Rode Full Tilt at the Team Which Was Taking Contractor Kayanagh and His Wife to Mount Vernon-Pole Pierced His Heart. Thomas Kavanagh, a wealthy contractor lving at 341 Webster avenue, Long Island City, started from his home yesterday morning with his wife to drive to Mount Vernon. He drove a pair of road horses attached to a light runabout Driving west through Thirty-fourth street from the Long Island ferry, Mr. Kavanagh turned north into Fifth avenue, keeping near the curb on the east side, and driving up

et Centrel of His Wheel, Apparently, and

the avenue at a jog trot It was about noon when he reached the corner of Forty-sixth street. Just south of the corner he saw a man on a bloycle approaching at a rapid rate from the north. The wheelman was | effort to check the rushing flames. From the on the same side of the avenue as Kavanagh and he did not appear to notice that he was steering straight for the contractor's team. When the bicyclist got so near that Kayanagh saw that a collision was inevitable, he pulled his team in as near the curb as he could, so that the man on the wheel might strike the near horse instead of the pole of the wagon. Kavanagh had no sooner done this than the bicyclist, appearing to have quite lost his head, turned

A moment later the wheelman came, full tilt, against the pole of the wagon, which buried itself in the left side of his chest. The man seemed to be suspended on the wagon pole for a moment and then he fell to the ground dead. Mrs. Kavanagh screamed and then fainted away. Mr. Kavanagh had his hands full for a few minutes to keep his wife from falling from the wagon and his spirited horses from running away. Soon, however, men on the street grabbed the horses' heads and Mrs. Kavanagh was carried to a nearby drug store. and restored to consciousness.

By this time Bicycle Policeman Casey had

appeared on the scene and had sent a hurry call to the Flower Hospital. When the ambulance arrived. Dr. Phillips found that the pole of the ragon, making a hole in the man's chest about four inches in diameter, had pierced the heart, causing instant death. The body Was taken to the East Fifty-first street police station, where also Kavanagh was taken under arrest. At the station the clothes of the dead man were searched, and from papers found it was supposed that he was Alexander Viscontino of 107 West Twenty-sixth street. A policeman was sent to that address and found an uncle of Viscontino, and the uncle went to the station and identified the body as that of his nephew. Viscontino, he said, was a waiter, 25 years old. He was an inexperienced bi cyclist, the uncle said, and had been frequently warned to keep off the main streets when riding.

Mr. Kavanagh, who was very much affected by the accident, was held in custody until shortly for him in the sum of \$1,500. Policeman Casey secured the names of four witnesses to the accident, all of whom say that Mr. Kavanagh was not in the least to blame for Viscontino's

NEW GOLD FIELDS IN ALASKA. The Kovukuk River as Well as Nome Is Attractling Much Attention.

The Koyukuk River, about 700 miles in length. is one of the two largest northern tributaries of the Yukon. Its head sources rise not far tributary, only about 125 miles north of the abandoned Fort Yukon which stands at the most northern part of the great bend of that river. The Koyukuk flows to the west, north of the Yukon Hills, in a course generally parallel with the Yukon, and after passing the hills to the west it turns abruptly south and joins the Yukon about 400 miles from its mouth. but gold has been found near its head waters and this spring an exedus from Dawson City to the new gold field has begun. In the latter part of May one of the Dawson newspapers torial crimes committed against the old one said the Klondike gold yield this season would which was named for his royal father. It is be \$18,000,000. Notwithstanding the fact that

the new finds on the Koyukuk.

Alaskan miners say that it takes at least the territory. This is what has happened on the Koyukuk. Early in 1898 a few miners went into the upper Koyukuk country and have Dawson City last fall that these miners had located the pay streak and were doing very finely. This accounts for the present exodus

that up to the latter part of May 200 prospectors had left that camp with 150 horses and mules to take the overland trail from near Fort Yukon Koyukuk. When miners and others in that region talk of trails they do not mean what is usually understood by the word. There is

region talk of trails they do not mean what is usually understood by the word. There is scarcely such a thing as a trail in inner Alaska. There are very few Indians and they travel so little that no trails worthy of the name are made by them. Alaska has been crossed so seldom by white men in any direction that except in a few places near the Pacific coast there is no such thing as a clear cut, well-defined trail. When Consul McCook speaks of following the trail to the headwaters of Koyukuk he simply means that the general direction taken by the ploneer miners to reach the upper stream is known and that the prospectors now pushing into the region will simply take compass bearings and press forward through the moss and scrub till they reach the white men who preceded them.

His allusion to the 150 horses and mules the prospectors are taking with them to carry their mining equipment calls attention to the fact that there are now an important number of draught and pack animals on the upper Yukon. All sorts of animals have been tried there in the past three or four years. The burros of the New Mexican plateaus have not stood the test. They travel very poorly in soft anow and are worse than useless in crossing the cold, glacial streams. Stallfed horses from the States have proved to be unable to endure the freezing bilizzards and cold rains. Dogs have given the best of service on the crust of the snow, but their usefulness is confined to this phase of transportation. The best animal for the Klondike and inner Alaska has proved to be the range pony reared in the cold mountainous country of Montana, northern Idaho and Washington. The pony weights from 800 to 1,000 pounds and signing much better service than the mule. He picks his way through stretches of bog where the mule mires, climbs glaciers and cafion sides where the mule turns back and eats snow to quench his thirst, which the mule will not do. For prospecting purposes the trained pack pony is invaluable and the best means of transportation in Alaska. The horses

station does not consider hard luck an excuse for uncleanliness. The other night a frowsy young man who looked as if he hadn't seen water since the last rainstorm walked into the water since the last rains form wasked into the station house and asked for a night's lodging.

"Can't keep you here," the sergeant explained. "Try the city lodging house at Twenty-third street and First avenue."

The frowsy man started for the door. "Hold on a second." said the sergeant, looking him well over. "The city also provides several free baths. You know that old saying that cleanliness is next to goddiness? Well, take my advice and 'get next.' That's all." PRESCOTT SWEPT BY FIRE.

Four-fifths of Business Section Burned With Heavy Loss-Dynamite Used to Check Flames.

PRESCOTT, Ariz., July 15 .- This city was swept by the most destructive fire in its history last night. It destroyed four-fifths of the business part of the town. Among the business houses destroyed were the Brisley block Burke Hotel, Prescott National Bank, Bank of Arisona, Joe Wilson, clothier; Edward Block, clothier; Owl saloon, Camel saloon, Cobwet saloon, Hotel Windsor, Brinkinier Hotel, Grand View Hotel, Prescott Courier and Journal

Three men were seriously injured in the fire and may not live. The fire started at 10:45 clock, and after an alarm was turned in the flames spread very rapidly. The first two buildings went up like paper, and the fire continued down the street through what is known as Whiskey row. This, however, takes in some o the best business houses in the city. Dynamite was freely used all along this street in a futile Burke Hotel the fire crossed the street, taking in the Kelley & Stephens block next in line, Wilson's clothing house, the large mercantile house of Bashford, Burmeister & Co. and R. H Burmeister & Sons Company, continuing through the entire block to the Harry Brisley Drug Company store on the corner of Gurley and Cortez streets, including the temporary location of the Bank of Arizona.

The flames swept toward the Santa Fé. Prescott and Phoniz station, carrying complete destruction. The concussion of dynamite explosions shattered all the glass for a coniderable radius and the buildings occupied by the Prescott National Bank, the McCandless Drug Company and the Prescott House were destroyed. The streets were crowded with vehicles of every description and men, women and children with their arms loaded with such sions as they were able to snatch from the flames were seeking refuge.

The fire was finally checked by blowing up the buildings on the south side of Goodwin street, thus preventing the flames from crossing that street. The total insurance does not exceed \$350,000. The heaviest losses are: Bash-\$75,000; Hotel Burke, \$60,000; D. Levy & Co., \$4,000; J. Marks, \$25,000; Burmelster & Sons, \$20,000; C. A. Duke, \$20,000; E. Block, \$25,000; J. W. Wilson, \$20,000. Fourteen saloons lost from \$1,000 to \$3,000 each. The census returns in the Prescott National Bank building were

POLICE CAPT. HOGAN PUNCHED! Porter Says He Did the Punching Without Knowing the Victim and Was Forgiven.

Louis Schantz, a porter in Perry's drug store in the World building, who lives at 18 Beach street, claims the distinction of having knocked Capt. Hogan of the Leonard street police staion out into the middle of the street on Saturday evening without being locked up for it. A north-bound Eighth avenue car had collided with an express wagon driven by Charles injuring Mount so that he had to be taken to the Hudson street hospital. Schantz was walking up West Broadway with his wife when the accident occurred and he began to give directions. He particularly warned the helper on the express wagon not to let the car escape without putting a policeman on it. Here, Schantz says, a man in citizen's clothes told him to mind his own business, and gave him a shove off the sidewalk. Schantz retaliated, according to his story, with a hook in the ribs that sent the man fiving out in the middle of the street. The man ordered his arrest and he was taken to the Elizabeth street station, where he was told that the man whom he had hit was Capt. Hogan. The police were about to lock Schants up for disorderly conduct, but let him off at the entreatles of his wife, who had accompanied him to the station. the Hudson street hospital. Schantz was walk-

SNAGS'S AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

on their bicycles. Last month Snags suggested to his wife that they take a horse and carriage and make a two weeks' trip through it would be a novel trip, and so they decided to make it. About a week before Snage's vacation began, he and his wife were invited to an exhibition of photographs at the Parlor City Camera Club. The pictures were all ama-teur efforts, and many of them were scenes taken near Parlor City. Snags's friends in the club raved to him of the attractiveness

the club raved to him of the attractiveness of amateur photography, and Snags found himself discussing lenses, focuses, diaphrams and light and shade effects very learnedly before the evening was over. He was fascinated, and when he got home turned to his wife and said:

"Mary, we must join that club. Those pictures there were pretty fine, but, Mary, if we take take a camera on that trip of ours we'll beat anything they exhibited there to-night. That's just what I am going to do. I'll buy a camera to-morrow and we'll take it with us. We'll join the Camera Club, too. Jones has asked me a dozen times."

Mrs. Snags though it was a good idea, and was sure it would add to the pleasure of the trip. The next morning Snags bought a 550 camera, and the day before he and his wife left on their trip their names were passed on by the trusters of the Camera Chibard they be the

Mrs. Snage though it was a good idea, and was sure it would add to the pleasure of the trip. The next morning Snags bought a \$50 camera, and the day before he and his wife left on their trip their names were passed on by the trustees of the Camera Chub and they became full-fiedged members. When they returned Snags confidentially informed a number of his friends at the chub that he and his wife had taken 150 pictures on the trip, and that when they were developed they would beat anything that had ever been seen at the club. The news went around and there was a great deal of curiosity to see the pictures. The president of the club, learning that Snags had very hazy notions of plate or film developing, suggested that he brings the films around to the club dark room and let some of the members who were familiar with the work develop them in order to obtain the best results. Snags agreed to this and while the members were at work on his first photographic efforts he and his wife sat around the clubroom and told of some of the beautiful places they had found on their trip.

"You wouldn't believe that there were so many places near here," said Mrs. Snags. But you'll see them for yourself as soon as the pictures are developed. Oh, we did get some lovely ones, didn't we John?

Snags agreed that they had had some wonderful juck in finding pictures que places to make pictures of. Then for fifteen minutes the two did nothing but talk about their success with the camera, until they finally had the other members in a state of great curiosity. In the midst of the talk the members who had undertaken to develop the pictures came out. They looked as though they had been laughing. Everybody perked up to see the great Snags pictures. One of the member. "Jou took the same picture 150 times?"

"From the carriage," said Snags and Mrs. Snags together.

"It snaft so," said the member. "You took the same picture 150 times?"

"From the carriage," said Snags and he soon as they sto to be insulted any longer. She dashed out of the door, fo

NARRAGANSETT PIER, July 15 .-- R. G. Dun had a serious turn yesterday, resulting from long standing troubles, but was much better to-night. He is at Dunmore, his summer home here, and is attended by his family physician.



A low shoe is the ideal. It covers, yet leaves a good

bit uncovered. It doesn't bind the anklesome ankles swell when it's hot. It comes for negligee, undress and dress - russet, calf, or

patent. And it's an easily attained ideal, \$4.50.

258 Broadway, cor. Warren, and 7 and 9 Warren St. 569 Broadway, cor. Prince. 126 Broadway, cor. 32d, and 54 West 33d St.

ROGERS, PEET & COMPANY.

ONE CENT CURE FOR A MASHER. She Ended His Annoying Attention by Treating Him as a Street Beggar.

She was tall and slight, with an attractive face, and was remarkably innocent-looking Being a trained nurse and having been graduated about a year before, she had some acquaintance with men and women. Already she had learned that she must take care of ber-

On this particular day she was off duty and had been doing a little shopping for herself. She was on her way back to the nurses' home where she had her room. As the day was a little showery she was out in her rainy day suit. without any umbrella and with no desire for one. Presently she noticed a tall stranger for one. Presently she noticed a tall stranger walking beside her. He held his umbrella over her head and seemed disposed to make her acquaintance and act as her escort without any encouragement from her. He was well-dressed and had the air of a decidedly well-to-do person. She strode on with a cold expression on her face, never deigning any response to his efforts at conversation. The situation became more and more annoying. Then, suddenly, to his amazement, the girl opened her pure, and selecting from it one cent she turned, and, without a word, held it between her thumb and finger toward the man. He almost gasped as he exclaimed, entirely off his guard:

"What do you take me for?"

Then came her moment of triumph as she answered promptly, "A beggar!"

Without delay he turned and went enother

MYSTERY OF A HAUNTED HOUSE Easily Solved, but Not Until the Neighborhood Had Been Stirred Up.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat. *Our quiet and usually rather hum-drum neighborhood," said a gentleman living in the southern suburbs of the city, "has lately been the scene of a haunted-house episode of a very remarkable character. The house in point is an old, ramshackle frame dwelling, standing well back in a lot about a block and a half from my home and in easy view from our front porch. It is badly out of repair, the yard is overgrown with weeds, and, having had no tenant for a long time, the whole place presents a gloomy and forbidding appearance. One evening last spring—I think it was in the early part of April—we were sitting out of doors taking the air, when I happened to glance across SNAGS'S AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

His Collection of Views on a Two Weeks'
Driving Trip Brings Anneyance to Him.

Snags and his wife have resigned from the Parlor City Camera Club. Snags insists that he has been grossly insulted and there isn't a more indignant woman in Parlor City than Mrs. Snags. The club members have tried in vain to point out to the Snagses that they are in the wrong, and that no affront was intended, but Snags won't have it, and there the matter stands for the present.

The Snagses have no children and so take at the old house and was surprised to see that

the same circumstances. We all saw it at once, and, naturally enough, it sent a furter of excitement through the whole family, started to investigate, but my wife begged meanxious to provi through the premises in the dark. So we sat still and watched, and that ime the window remained illuminated for nearly half an hour. Then, as before, it blinked out abruptly and all was blackness. Next day I went to the landford, who is a personal friend, and told him the story. Tramps, as sure as shooting; he said. I'll bet there are a dozen started for the place together. I believed in the tramp theory myself, but when we unlocked the door and went in I was somewhat staggered. The entire house had that indescribable atmosphere of desertion that comes with long-continued disuse, and there was absolutely nothing to indicate that any one had been there for months. We went upstairs to the room in which the light had appeared and found the door not indicate that any one had been there for months. We went upstairs to the room in which the light had appeared and found the door not introduce the starter of the starter o